Stephan Wetter

Mrs. Graham

Personal Essay

9/10/11

Many people take for granted what they have. A lesson that has been taught time and time again is to cherish what you have today, for it may be gone tomorrow. Unfortunately, many people also take ***those*** lessons for granted as well, causing all sorts of confusing logic if one were to think about it excessively, but maybe people just don’t know what they’re really suppose to cherish. Is it that plaque you had gotten for your basketball performance last year? Or maybe it was those moments that allowed you to win that plaque in the first place? People just aren’t sure what’s worth cherishing, what’s worth holding onto, because everything that we’ve ever had will eventually disappear, and it’s tough to decide what’s really worth it in the end. However, a lesson that no person could ever teach had arisen in my conscious over time, one that I realized just a short while ago.

Back in the year 2007, I had just started 8th grade, a year that had been promising so far. My classes that I had were ones with most of my friends, and I had a special someone that I had kept my eye on for most of the year, a girl that stood out from the rest, and finally, I had asked that huge question, the one that any 8th grader who had never had a girlfriend before was terrified to ask. She said yes of course, otherwise there would be no story after this and it would be me rambling on about things that didn’t make sense without the rest of the story. It went well for a while, as well as an 8th grade relationship could, until 10 months later when I got the dreaded “I’ve found someone else” call. I was devastated, but in all fairness I couldn’t blame anyone, especially her, for reasons that I won’t go into. After the whole ‘break up’ situation had all blown over, I was determined never to speak to her again, and yet, after about a year, we had became best friends once more.

I often ask myself what went wrong, what I had done to deserve being dumped, and after 3 years of thinking, the answer had finally come to me; I had taken our relationship for granted. She was always there, so was I, and I thought it would always be that way. I was naive to think that relationship could run just on commitment, and in the end I had lost someone due to my own negligence. No matter who you are, no matter what you may think, the relationship you have with another person, be it a friend, significant other, a parent, is never just as simple as that. There are so many things that you have to take into account, all of the hidden feelings, the way that you communicate, there is no relationship with anyone as simple as being “a friend” or “a parent.”

After the break up, my friends had all seemed to think it as a joke, as if I was some sort of iron man who felt no pain of loss. “Good thing you don’t see her much!” “At least you’re free now!” They all seemed to think that making jokes about her would make me feel better, and I thought it might too, but I realized that they only made me feel worse, and after so now I realized that I felt that way because it was my fault, I was feeling the pain of having taken her for granted, and I hated hearing about my own failures.

Now this sob story isn’t just that, it has a valid point to it all. The lesson that I have taught myself through all the years of lost friendships and rekindled relationships is really two. One is that no relationship is simple, it’s always complex and must be treated as such, and the other is a bit harder to explain.

Several years ago my grandfather had passed away, my father was devastated, and yet I could not bring myself to be sad upon his passing. He had lived in Texas his whole life, and I had only seen him a few times, but he was my grandfather after all and I wanted to be sad, but I just couldn’t be. After my father left for his funeral with my step mother and baby sister, I stayed with a family friend. Everyone would often ask why I was staying with them, and when I told them, followed up by asking if I was sad about my grandpa dying. I lied, I was too ashamed to say that I wasn’t sad for my grandfather dying, and I was frustrated by the fact as well. The entire week I tried to rationalize it, but only recently had I finally come to a conclusion, and finally closure.

The time I had spent with my grandfather was short, about a week if I remember correctly, and I was only six at the time. My father had taken me to Texas to visit him and my grandma, and through that time I remember two things; my uncle playing video games, and a rough image of a kitchen where I talked to my grandfather briefly. Of those two memories, now I hold onto the latter the most, and try my best to never forget it. Only in my more mature years did I realize that I could not comprehend cherishing the time with my grandfather when I was six, but if I could have gone back to that week, I would have tried to hold onto those moments for dear life, in memory of the grandfather that I had only wished I knew.

Many years have passed since he has been gone, and I have tried my best to cherish what I have, but what is worth cherishing you may ask? Those material possessions you hold onto will eventually lose meaning, you won’t care about your old action figure, or doll, unless they hold an event of great significance to them, a memory of sorts. The only thing worth holding onto are the people who you hold dear, the moments when you’re around them, the memories of the ones gone, those are the things worth holding onto.

This final lesson that I have learned over the years is very important to me, something I will not soon forget. Although no one can ever fully appreciate what they have, you have to try, and try your best to hold onto the moments you have. Every second counts, but every second also disappears, and only lives within your memory. Nothing ever lasts forever, but if you can make those great moments in your life just a little longer, then that’s worth more than you can imagine.